

THE NORTHWEST Silent Observer

VOL. I

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON, THURSDAY, AUGUST 19, 1909.

NO. 11

A Pretty Wedding

One of the most popular weddings to occur this year was that of Miss Marie Hickman and John Bodley, who were united in marriage on Wednesday, August 4, at the home of the bride's parents in Centralia, Wash. Miss Hickman is the daughter of one of the prominent mill owners in Centralia, and graduated with the class of 1909 last May from the Vancouver school. Mr. Bodley attended the Olathe, Kan., school, but has been living in Chehalis, where he has steadily pursued his trade for several years.

The home of the bride was very prettily decorated for the occasion and about 40 guests were present. A sister of the bridegroom from Kansas, who was visiting there, acted as interpreter for the occasion. Many beautiful and useful presents were given the young couple to start them on their new life. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Bodley left for a visit in Tacoma and Seattle. On the train en route to Tacoma they were rather inclined to think the coach load of people seemed to take an amused, kindly interest in them, and it was not until the journey was nearly ended that they found a white slipper dangling in the aisle from their seat. And whenever they started to open some package a shower of rice would fall out.

After visiting friends in Tacoma and Seattle and taking in the fair the couple left on a trip to Minneapolis, thence to Olathe, Kan., and will stop off in Colorado en route back home.

Mr. and Mrs. Bodley will be at home after October 1 in Chehalis, they having let the contract for a new 5-room cottage before they started on their Eastern trip.

THE NEXT MEETING.

The next meeting of the Puget Sound Association of the Deaf will be held at 3 p. m. September 5th, at the Labor Temple, corner of Sixth Avenue and University Street.

This is a good opportunity for out-of-town deaf to meet the locals.

A good program is being prepared. President Wright will be home, fresh from a trip through Oregon and California. Olof Hanson will give an account of his trip to the top of Mt. Rainier.

Many out-of-town deaf are expected to be present.

Come on, all of you!

New subscriptions are coming in at a lively rate. Your turn next.

TACOMA PICNIC.

The Tacoma deaf have decided on August 22 as the date of the picnic to be held there. Point Defiance is the place. Those from Seattle who attend will probably go by boat. The trip from the wharf to the park will be made via Tacoma trolley.

CHURCH SERVICE.

Services for the deaf were held as usual at Trinity Church Sunday. Miss Glosser, Mr. Root and Mr. Gustin assisted Mr. Hanson in Bible readings and Mrs. Hanson and Miss Peterson gave hymns in signs, both doing finely. The next meeting will be the third Sunday in September.

There were 35 present.

DRAWN FOR JUROR.

Among the list of jurors drawn to serve at the September term of court is the name of A. W. Wright. We doubt not that Mr. Wright would make a good juror, judge or the whole court, but we much fear the officials will balk at the idea of hiring an interpreter for his especial benefit.

A deaf man on a jury, well perhaps! Some peoples' characters can be read in their faces and the deaf are usually good hands sizing up their fellow beings.

NOTED TEACHER OF BERKELEY

Mr. Theop. H. d'Estrella, a teacher in the deaf school at Berkeley, Cal., has been spending ten days in town visiting the Exposition and making new and old acquaintances among the deaf. Mr. d'Estrella was a teacher of Mr. Christensen years ago. These two took a trip to Bremerton and explored the navy yard one day this week, being entertained at dinner at McConnell's. Mr. d'Estrella is an interesting gentleman to meet.

The exhibit of the California School for the Deaf, up stairs in the building of that state, was prepared by Mr. d'Estrella. It is a wall cabinet full of interesting photographs and drawings.

Last Friday Mr. and Mrs. Hanson had the pleasure of entertaining at dinner Mr. d'Estrella, of Berkeley, Cal. There were two of the lady members of the Seattle Mountaineers also present, and Miss Gloeser. After dinner Mr. d'Estrella entertained the company with two delightful stories in pantomime.

Has fate located you anywhere on the Pacific Coast or Northwest? If so, that's a sign that you need the Observer and should subscribe at once.

ON THE ROAD.

Misfortune met two travelers, and swelled to twice his size; One, cowering, groaned, "Alas, his hour!" and fell, no more to rise. The other climbed the ugly shape, saying, "It's well you came!" And made Misfortune serve him as a stepping-stone to fame! —Ex.

PORTLAND

News gathering among the deaf of Portland during the summer months is anything but a sinecure. There's lots doing, but the doers are either too lazy to tell the news gatherer, or else shrink from publicity. Everybody here is not yet fully acquainted with the Observer, which in a measure explains their lack of willingness to give him items. Subscribers as well as items are solicited—and both will be thankfully received, either by the Portland correspondent or by the Observer first handed. The Portland correspondent's address is Fred Vinson, 390 Belmont St., in care of E. S. Ptg. Co., Portland.

Clyde Litherland, Shorty Stalker, Tony Kautz, Eddie Urban and Vinson had an exceptionally good time Saturday, the 31st. It was a sort of reunion, the above named gents not having met for a number of weeks past. Stalker and Kautz had a few things to say about Seattle. Shorty is glad he doesn't have to live in that burg, and Tony said it made him sick, which is a fact, he being taken ill while there. Both declare Portland is good enough for them. Urban and Vinson took their tales with a grain of salt and intend to run up pretty soon to see for themselves.

C. H. Eaton was in town last week. He has been on a tour of the Willamette Valley and reports having a corking good time every place he stopped to visit and at Albany in particular. Frank Johnson was his host while he was at McMinville.

Mr. Redman and wife have returned from an extended tour around the surrounding counties. They haven't had time since their return to tell us of the pleasant times they had.

We note by the Deaf American that Portland is popular with present and past superintendents of schools. Without exception they have "seen" Tacoma and Seattle, both in all their glory, but still preferred to settle in Portland. Seattle is amazed. Very well, if Seattle would quit padding its census reports she would be still more amazed at how many more people Portland has than the Sound city herself. 'Tis said that Seattle's next cen-

sus report will contain the names of every man, woman and child that strayed thither to see the fair.

Mr. Swink returned to Portland to rest up after ten days spent in Seattle. He says hill climbing does not agree with him.

Mr. and Mrs. Stigner, with whom Mr. Swink boarded here after his return from Seattle, invited a few of the deaf to meet him at their home just prior to his return to Salem. Ice cream and cake was served in abundance, and a late hour witnessed the dispersing of a jolly gathering.

Wm. McMillan, a wealthy sheepman of Idaho, stopped over in Portland on his way to Seattle town. He is a native of Scotland and a deaf mute. Together with his brothers he has worked at the sheep business for the past quarter of a century and is now well along on easy street.

August 3, 1909. X.

(That's right, puff your own town. The Observer is not merely a Seattle paper, but for the whole country, so if any one wants to boom his home town, why boom away.—Ed.)

The Portland correspondent fell down on his job the last issue, for which he begs the pardon of the Portland bunch.

A. Stalker and T. Kautz went for a row up the Willamette last Sunday evening. Reinforced by Vinson they are contemplating a canoe journey farther up in the near future.

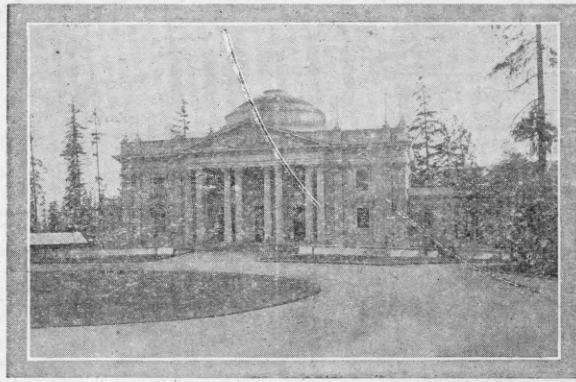
Portland is a fine place for work, especially during the summer months. Skilled labor of almost every kind is in constant demand while the big sawmills are running short-handed most of the time.

There is not an idle deaf mute of the male variety in Portland at present, unless he is idle at his own wish, spending his stored up cash having a good time. Two-thirds of Portland's silent population are property owners, and the rest have no reason for not being. They all have plenty of cash, and can afford to be. The ladies too, must not be forgotten. Those who choose to work readily find employment in the numerous factories about town which employ female help.

Taken as a whole, Portland is one of the best, perhaps the best, city on the Coast for young deaf people looking for an opening.

The weather throughout the summer is pleasant—never too hot—and the winter rains, while frequent, soon cease to be irksome. You can go out of doors to work every day in the year without great inconvenience.

If you dote on outdoor life, you can make a small fortune working as a laborer in the harvest fields of Eastern Oregon during the months of July, August and September. Wages are good, the work is health-giving, you enjoy yourself and there you are. What more could one ask? The hop-



OREGON STATE BUILDING, A. Y. P. EXPOSITION

fields prove another attraction. There are millions of acres of hop-fields within two hours train ride of Portland, and there many a family find recreation and profit every season. Hop-pickers invariably camp in the open air. It's a vacation to go hop picking in Oregon, but you make money to boot. Ditto for the strawberry season in the spring. This short article on the virtues of Portland is particular, and Oregon in general is no pipe dream, and you are cordially invited to come and see for yourself. X.

TACOMA

There was a meeting at Mrs Seely's the other evening and arrangements were made to hold a picnic at Point Defiance on August 22, which the deaf of Seattle and neighboring towns are invited to join. It is to be understood that as it is on a Sunday there are to be no sports, and the affair is to be really more a social gathering than a picnic. There will be boating and bathing for those so inclined, and vine screened seats just right for two for others, while still others may find more amusement in watching the antics of the monkeys and other animals in the park.

Mr. Otha Minnick will be on hand at the wharf to meet the Seattleites and conduct them to the park.

The committee selected at the meeting is: Mrs Seeley, chairman; Mrs. Wade and Mr. Bander.

Miss Slegel has been entertaining her uncle and two cousins this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Wade and Mr. Bander took dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hammond last Sunday.

Mr. Weaver of Ellensburg visited Mr. Albert Minnick last week.

Last Monday afternoon and evening there was a gay little picnic at Point Defiance in honor of Mr. John Bodley and his bride, who was Miss Hickman. After a delightful picnic supper the

crowd sojourned to the bath house. At first none of the deaf had any intention of donning bathing suits excepting Mr. and Mrs. Hammond, but before long every one of the party had cast their scruples together with their clothes to the wind and were sporting in the water. All except the bridegroom, who evidently has "got it in the neck" as he had a stiff neck, and so was compelled to sit in the gallery looking on.

It was fitting that Miss Keys, a niece of the groom, on a visit from Kansas, should take possession of the jewelry of the party.

Mrs. Wade created quite a sensation, especially when she was shooting the chutes. She said she felt a few sensations in her spinal column also.

Mrs. Hammond also became quite fond of shooting the chutes although she was almost drowned at the first attempt.

Charley Hammond took upon himself the office either of swimming instructor or of Baptist preacher, it was hard telling which most of the time.

Mr. Lindstrom was in the swim all right; nothing but the tip of his nose being visible most of the time. His modesty was commendable but hardly practicable for the most of us.

Mrs. Bodley looked like a gay water spirit. More than one admiring glance was cast in her direction.

Mrs. Seeley could hardly keep her feet in the water—or her head out of it. It was the first evidence some of the crowd ever had that she wasn't feather-brained. On the other hand there isn't much consolation to Mrs. Seeley in the thought that perhaps her brains are heavy.

GOSSIP.

We have space these days for communications from some of the leading deaf. In fact, articles by the deaf, for the deaf, about the deaf. Now don't all write at once, but all once in a while.

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ANOTHER DAY AT THE EXPOSITION.

One thing that cannot help but attract attention on the grounds is the beautiful display of flowers and plants—they are everywhere, common and rare.

We first enter the State Dairy exhibit where we see a model cow barn, several Jersey, Holstein and other breeds of cows, methods for tending milk, etc. Cleanliness is the rule.

The Japanese Building we found not yet open—too early in the day.

In the Mines Building there is much to see, time spent here to depend on what extent the individual is interested in minerals and ores. Here are samples of all minerals and ores known to exist in this State.

A clay modelling machine and its output are worthy of attention. The natural ammunition, consisting of round stones or ore, is a curiosity. Here also are many beautiful gems found in this state. The "Welcome Nugget," found at Ballaret, Victoria, Australia, June 11, 1858, is on exhibition. It weighs 2,166 ounces and has a value of \$41,883.

The Coeur d'Alene mining district has an immense display of its products.

Here also is exhibited a gold separating machine, which might have proved a fortune to our friend Waugh had he had it with him in Alaska.

The Ford No. 1 automobile, one of the winners in the ocean-to-ocean race in June, is on exhibition in this building.

Anyone seeking information of the resources of Washington should visit the Agricultural Building. Nearly every county has a display and most of them are well arranged and give an excellent idea of what that particular locality is best adapted to.

Asotin county shows preserved fruit, grass, oats, wheat, etc.

Chelan (Wenatchee) is famed for its big red apples, and plenty of them are shown here.

Columbia county shows some big corn. Here also is exhibited the largest single fleece of wool in the world. It weighs 67½ pounds and is from a sheep raised by R. A. Jackson of Dayton, Wash, down where Lee Brown lives.

Walla Walla shows some huge onions, potatoes and pears.

The display of nuts by Clark county is a surprise, as we had no idea they reached such perfection in this state.

Skagit shows a model of the county. Here a large log 10 feet and nine inches in diameter is used as a door casing.

San Juan county makes a creditable display of cherries, shells, etc. Here is also found a large mastodon tooth.

Whatcom county's seedless berries are whoppers; takes a big mouth to appropriate one whole.

The Island county has an especially pretty decorative effect.

Mason county has an exhibit of game birds and animals worth viewing.

Kitsap county shows monster cucumbers and natural wood utensils.

Wahkiakum county shows fish traps and a variety of canned salmon.

The curly maple display at the Lewis county booth is an odd and pretty attraction. Here are also found a collection of mammoth Indian arrow heads.

But right here we run into a booth—before us, above us, to the left of us, to the right of us, all around us is

the sign "You'll Like Tacoma." Tacoma, by the way, belongs to Pierce county or vice versa. We register here for all Tacoma has to send us—hope a house and lot—and pass on.

Thurston county shows us the Olympian natural oyster beds, game birds and native woods.

Pacific county takes no back seat in the preserved fish line.

For big pumpkins turn to Benton county.

In Adams county the big Dutch windmill goes but never moves.

Yakima county's huge canned strawberries and honey makes one hungry.

The milking machines on exhibition in this building took our mind back to our boyhood days, and we thought how many hard kicks we might have escaped had this invention only come out years ago.

The Washington State College at Pullman occupies considerable space here and those whose inclinations run that way can spend some time profitably there.

Alberta, Canada, has a pretty scene in this building, showing wheat fields, game birds, animals, etc.

As we pass out of this building we are inclined to think we know nearly enough about agriculture to write for Farmer Axling's paper.

Entering the Foreign Building numerous pretty girls behind booths have the sweetest smiles as long as there is any evidence of your spending money, but as we have none the smiles are not for us.

There is quite a display of metal statuary here; also some French art. On the balcony are many pictures, covering a wide variety of subjects.

The largest orchestra in the world may be found here.

Two Russians are at work constructing inlaid silver articles. It seems simple as you see it done. An artistically decorated pipe valued at \$250 is on display.

At the entrance of the Alaska Building are two old Russian cannon.

Inside the building are grain, vegetables, birds, animals, furs. A large pair of entangled moose horns attract the attention of everyone. These were locked in a fight and the animals died of starvation. The exhibit of mounted birds and of furs is very fine. A dark sea otter skin is displayed, the value of which is \$1,200. Here we see a whale harpoon. This contains a bomb which explodes five minutes after entering the whale.

Here we pause long enough to sample the celebrated Alaska canned salmon and are promised a can sent to our home.

The mineral display is, of course, great in this building. Native Indians are engaged in making baskets and the collection of Indian relics is immense. In the art room are easy chairs made of moose horns.

The Oriental Building is the place where the lovers of marble statuary should go.

In the Hawaiian Building are the Hawaiian girls; also great piles of coconuts in the shuck, bananas and pineapples. The growth of rice is well illustrated here.

In the Philippine Building native huts, costumes, etc., are seen. Many and varied are the curiously shaped splint bamboo baskets. Rifles used by the insurgents, rice mill, visayan cart with wooden wheels and splint bamboo cover, a pearl chess board, stocks, bamboo saddle, manilla hemp articles, hemp harness, with plow and cultivator, are all worthy of notice.

Spokane has a beautiful display of

fruit and grasses in its building. A little house made of a California red wood stump is nearly covered with cards which visitors have pasted up.

At the Utah Building we see the concentrating mill in operation and are given samples of the ore.

With a glance in the Artic Brotherhood Building and at the Amphitheater we make a break for Pay Streak.

But why tell of Pay Streak? The reader only says Baron Munchuson.

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THE NORTHWEST SILENT OBSERVER

SEATTLE, WASH., AUGUST 19, 1909

L. O. Christenson - - Publisher

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WHAT IS TRUE REST?

What is true rest; how shall we spend our vacation or resting spell so as to get the most benefit from it?

How can we get the most physical, mental and moral benefit at times when we lay down our daily duties and seek recreation?

The late President James A. Garfield used to say that the best way to rest was to change your occupation temporarily. Hence when he could tear away from the exacting duties of State he might be found with a pile of standard works studying up some difficult problem or historical event, or perhaps he was on his Ohio farm helping his men in the hay field.

President Taft likes nothing better than a vigorous game of golf.

Ex-President Roosevelt, as is well known, spends his vacation in the back woods or jungles hunting big game, or perhaps taking a 25-mile horseback ride.

True rest means something better than lolling in a hammock with a book of light fiction. On individual taste and physique depends largely how one's vacation should be spent.

A SUGGESTION.

There has been some talk lately of chartering a Pullman special to take the Pacific Northwesterners to the convention next July. The idea looks good to me.

All that tends to give doubt as to

the success of such an undertaking is probable inability to muster a sufficient number to fill the car. About 50 persons can occupy one Pullman with comfort, for 45 the space would prove ample, but just how that 45 or 50 is to be herded or corralled or gathered is the question.

There is three times, or possibly five times that number of mutes in the Pacific Northwest, but the P. N. W. is a mighty big place, and the mute population is somewhat scattered.

Speaking for Portland alone, I can almost promise an even dozen, not counting several employed at Salem who will hail with delight the suggestion of a private car. I know them. They are all "good fellows" irrespective of sex.

If a sufficient number can be mustered to make the enterprise a success we won't need to go there, turn around, and come right back again, as would no doubt be the case if we went on our own hooks.

We might even take a spin through California on our way back.

I think, but I am not sure, that the minimum charge for a private or special car is \$45 per day. Now if we had 45 persons in the party it would be one dollar per day per person, for the use of the car; food, drink, etc., to be considered as extra. It would be possible to take lunches, but not much cheaper, for one doesn't eat heavily while traveling, and lunches purchased along the route would do very well.

It would be well to suggest that every mute who contemplates attending the convention become a member of the N. A. D., if for no other reason than to vote for the Honorable Olof (Sure! We'll all do it.—Ed.) Besides we might want to bring a meeting of the convention to the Pacific Northwest some time in the future.

The above is only a suggestion (I do not claim it to be original either), and if it serves to rouse interest, I will be willing to do all I can to perfect arrangements for such an undertaking. We can't get busy too soon, if we wish to make a success of it.

EMERY E. VINSON.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF THE DEAF.

Program Committee Announcement.

If there is any one subject in which the deaf are vitally interested, it is the method of their education.

No matter what their nationality, the educational question is the burning question of the day among the deaf and those having to do with them.

Anxious to sift the subject, the Program Committee desires to arrange for a great public debate on the merits of the two rival educational procedures—the Combined System and the Pure Oral Method.

As champions of the former it here-

1,000 SUBSCRIBERS.

In order to introduce the NORTHWEST SILENT OBSERVER we have sent out many sample copies. A large number have promptly responded with their subscriptions. If you are one who has not done so, DO SO AT ONCE. We want to raise our subscription list to 1,000 during the next three months. If you are already a subscriber tell your friends of the good things in the Observer and see that they subscribe.

Remember the more subscribers we have the better paper we can give you. Subscribe now, get your friends' names tomorrow and their friends' names the next day—or, better still, send all today.

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with designates.

Robert P. McGregor, of Ohio.

Thomas Francis Fox, of New York.

Olaf Hanson, of Washington.

As their seconds the Committee designates contingent upon their ability to be present.

Francis Maginn and William Eccles Harris, representing Great Britain and Ireland, Herbert Roberts, of Canada, Henri Gaillard, of France, Albin Maria Watzulik, of Germany and such other foreign delegates as may be present. These three American gentlemen and their foreign allies will serve as challengers. Their gauntlets are thrown into the lists to the whole world. Whoever whether deaf or hearing, professional or layman, desires to act as a champion for the opposition—the Oral Method, is here-with invited to communicate with the Chairman of the Program Committee. A special invitation to act in this capacity is extended Dr. Alexander Graham Bell and Dr. A. L. E. Crouter and Mr. F. W. Booth.

The argument of each speaker is to be put in writing. The challengers will deliver theirs in the sign language; while it is being read for the benefit of the hearing portion of the audience. Their opponents deaf or hearing will be required to state their position orally while it is being interpreted in the sign language.

The decision is to be left to three judges—the Governor of Colorado, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Colorado, and the Senior United States Senator from Colorado, contingent upon the ability of these gentlemen to serve.

All the world, whether deaf or hearing, is invited to attend this debate and no effort will be spared to bring the result to the universal public knowledge.

G. WM. VEDITZ, Colorado,

F. ROSS GRAY, Penn.,

ALBERT BERG, Indiana,

Committee on Program.

ITEMS IN BRIEF

Ben Weiss has gone to Vancouver, Wash., to land a job.

Miss Olive Jenkins, of Winnipeg, Canada, is a guest in town. She is connected with the deaf school in that city.

Subscribe for the Observer, then have some sample copies sent to your friends—follow these up and secure their subscriptions.

Miss Laura Sampson leaves about September 1st for her new position as supervisor of the girls at the State School at Vancouver.

Mr. Morris, brother of Cleon Morris, dined with Mr. and Mrs. Hanson last Tuesday. He says Cleon may return to Seattle this month.

J. W. H. Bond of High River, Canada, is desirous of knowing more about ranching in this section. He may possibly come to Seattle to reside.

Miss Eunice Reeves of Vancouver, Wash., one of the graduates of 1909, has been spending a week in town the guest of relatives. Of course she visited the fair.

Miss Carrie Blakeley has secured a job in a laundry at Bremerton, and entered upon her duties a week ago. She is boarding with the McConnells.

The Waugh home on Fortieth Avenue North is being renovated and when repairs are completed it will compare well with Capitol Hill and the University district.

Mrs. N. E. Litherland of Mabton, Walla Walla county, has been a guest at the Gustin home. The deaf made a pleasant acquaintance with this lady and hope she may visit Seattle often.

Edward, the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Gustin, left August 2 for Alaska, where he has secured employment at carpentry. We wish the young man all success in the North country, but his mother is a bit lonely without him.

The Hanson family and their guest, Miss Glosser, spent last Sunday in Bremerton. They took dinner with Mr. and Mrs. McConnell, and then went through the cruiser Washington in dry dock. Miss Glosser remained in Bremerton a couple of days.

Ernest Norton of San Francisco, who has been in Seattle several weeks, took a trip to Everett, where he tried his luck fishing. He landed several fine Dolly Varden trout. Mr. Norton left for his home in Frisco August 13. Hope he will come again.

Miss Charlotte Gustin has been spending several weeks at the Brazelton home in Arlington. She reports a great time swimming in the brook, fishing, eating fruit and having a fresh air time generally.

She was loaded down with a thick coating of tan, a first-class appetite and some canned fruit, which she claims really grew on trees out there.

A. W. Wright left Monday morning on a two weeks' vacation trip, his ultimate destination being Medford, Or., the home of the famous Spitz and Yellow Newton apples. En route he will stop off in Portland and ascertain if the webfoot boys are in earnest in their desire to come up to Seattle next month and play a game of baseball with our boys for the "championship of the Northwest."

That Labor Day ball game ought to be a big drawing card. Messrs. Wright, Harris and Gustin are the committee and they will probably fix up a team that will clear the earth of everything—except possibly a nine from Portland.

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A CHILD'S AFFECTION

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Wright have bright twin daughters about three years old. One of these, Genevieve, thinks papa must always kiss her before he goes away. The other night Mr. Wright became forgetful and had gone about three blocks when, turning, he found a mite of humanity at his heels with tears rolling down her cheeks. She got her kiss and then a satisfied, happy little girl turned and trotted back home.

A DEAF HUNTER.

W. Erve Chambers, who resides at Woodland, Idaho, can show some big game as trophies to bolster up his reputation as a hunter. Last fall he killed a bear, also a deer and many other small animals. He took a shot at a cougar and wounded it, but failed to capture the beast.

Mr. Chambers lives on a ranch, and relates exciting experiences at breaking wild horses. Cattle thieves have been operating in his vicinity and he suffered the loss of a fine two-year-old cow. He and a number of neighbors mounted their horses and gave chase. Some of the thieves have been captured, but Mr. Chambers' cow is still missing.

This gentleman expects to visit Seattle again soon and we advise our local mutes who are interested in bagging big game to get him to relate his experiences.

Of course he is a subscriber for the Observer and likes it. We hope to relate the result of his trip this fall.

CUSSED BY SIGNS.

Allen Hitchcock, deaf mute of Columbus, Ohio, has filed suit for divorce against his wife, also a mute, charging that she "cussed" him in the sign language. He also accuses her of throwing forks at him.—Ex.

This is not a hint to any of the local deaf. Should any of them be afflicted with such trouble to them we would say, "Grin and let her sign."

Don't be a beggar soliciting money on the street; don't be a beggar reading the Observer without paying for it.

A CHANCE TO BE A MILLIONAIRE.

Rudy Stuht says we do not give news enough. Now as Rudy is of a mechanical turn of mind we suggest that he invent some kind of a contrivance that will allow an editor to be everywhere at the same time. Something that will enable us to see everything, have everything, know everything.

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ASCENDING MT. RAINIER.

The annual outing of the Mountaineers' Club this year was held at Mt. Rainier and lasted three weeks, though some did not stay the full length of that time.

On Saturday morning, July 17, we took a N. P. train to Fairfax, and arrived there about noon. We set out at once and walked ten miles the first afternoon to a temporary camp selected by the leaders of the expedition. Our dunnage had been sent the day before by a pack train so that when we reached camp we found our dunnage bags awaiting us and supper being prepared. We slept on the ground under the trees. It rained a little that afternoon but that did not matter.

Next morning we set out and walked ten miles further to the base of Mt. Rainier where our permanent camp was established. Here we pitched our tents and made ourselves comfortable. It did not seem like Sunday and many probably were not aware of it, but in the evening when we assembled around the camp fire a short religious service was conducted by Rev. F. J. Van Horn of Seattle.

In going from Fairfax to camp we went along the right side of Carbon River where there is a good trail all the way. Our camp was on the east side of Carbon Glacier, and directly north of Mt. Rainier, in a place called Moraine Park, which is within the Mt. Rainier National Park. The place selected for our camp was a meadow about half a mile long and a quarter of a mile wide, with several streams running through it which furnished plenty of water for cooking, drinking, and washing. The snow on the site of our camp was nearly all melted, but in the valleys and among the trees there was still plenty of it.

Monday was spent putting the camp in order, gathering wood for the kitchen and camp fire, and getting ready for the mountain climbing to follow. After that trips were made almost every day to get practice and get hardened for the final climb. These trips were generally from five to fifteen miles, most of the walking was on snow and ice, and new places were visited on every trip.

The final ascent to the summit began on Thursday of the second week. With blankets and sleeping bags on our backs, but no tents, we left our permanent camp to go to a temporary camp as high up as we could find bare ground to sleep on. This was a small ridge of rocks on the northeast side of the mountain, surrounded entirely by snow. Not a tree, or a bush, or a vestige of vegetation of any kind grows at this height. There was nothing but bare rock and gravel. Our permanent camp was at an elevation of about five thousand feet, the temporary camp at ten thousand, while the top of Mt. Rainier is 14,529 feet above sea level.

With the heavy packs on our backs the march to the temporary camp proved quite strenuous, lasting from 8 a. m. till 5 p. m. with only a few short stops to rest. Our cook accompanied us, and hot soup and chocolate was prepared on an oil stove which had been brought along. After supper we made our beds as best we could on the rocks and retired for the night. It was a clear, cold night and a brisk gale swept down the mountain. It was not a comfortable place to sleep, but we were not there for comfort but to go to the top, and did not expect to do it without some hardship.

At three o'clock next morning the

trumpet called us out of bed. Most everybody shivered with the cold. Hot soup, beans and coffee were served for breakfast. At 4 o'clock we started on the final climb. The ascent was not particularly difficult as we walked on the snow nearly all the time. But the steady up, up all the time, together with the rarified air of the high altitude was a severe strain on most of the climbers. We would walk, say ten minutes, then stop one or two minutes to catch breath, and this was continued all the way up. At noon we stopped about twenty minutes to eat the lunch with which each was provided. Two or three other stops of ten or fifteen minutes were made, otherwise it was a steady climb from 4 a. m. until 2 p. m., when we reached the summit of Crater Peak, our objective point.

The day was perfect. The sun shone brightly from a clear sky. Nevertheless it was very cold and the wind swept over the summit with terrible fury. Most of the party sought refuge from the storm in the crater which is a hollow basin about half a mile in diameter. Most of this basin is filled with snow, but in places there are caves where hot vapors issue from the interior of the earth. On the north side of the mountain the snow is melted for a mile or more down from the top due to heat in the mountain itself. In some places we found rocks that were warm to the touch, and I took advantage of the opportunity to melt some snow in my water bottle, which I had not been able to fill since the preceding day.

A large A.-Y.-P. flag which had been brought from Seattle for the purpose was planted on the edge of the crater, on a flagstaff also brought from Seattle. Some of the party explored the caves and all enjoyed the magnificent view of a hundred miles in every direction. On account of the cold and the storm it was not comfortable to remain long and after half an hour we started on the return. The descent proved almost as hard as the ascent. To take a shorter course back to temporary camp we went by a different route. On account of crevices, however, we had to take a circuitous course which proved to be longer than the original, and to make matters worse we got into a stretch where snow had been freshly blown in, and at every step we sank to our knees in the snow. When we finally reached temporary camp at 7 o'clock many of the party were thoroughly exhausted and had to go to bed at once.

The plan had been to return to our permanent camp the same day, and consequently no supper was provided for at the temporary camp. But as it was so late it was out of the question to return to permanent camp that night. Most were glad enough to be

back in camp and go to bed without any supper. The oil stove was there, however, and some tea and by collecting scraps there was enough to give each a little bread and soup and some tea, and then we all went to bed tired but happy. Next morning most of us breakfasted on a small piece of bread and half a cup of tea. Then we shouldered our packs and started back to temporary camp.

When about half way back we were met by a party that had been sent out from the permanent camp with lunch for us and we were mighty glad to see them. Continuing on the way down we reached permanent camp about 2 o'clock Saturday and found an excellent dinner awaiting us, to which we did ample justice.

Over seventy started out Thursday to make the climb, but several had enough by the time we reached the temporary camp and did not attempt the trip to the top. Sixty-two, however, made the trip to the summit, and this is the largest party that has ever gone up there in one body. Two years ago the Sierra Club of California and the Mazama Club of Portland joined hands and made the ascent, to the number of sixty-one, so we went them one better. They made the ascent from the south side, which is the route generally taken by tourists. The ascent from the northeast side is a new one and has only been made by a few persons heretofore. Those who have gone up both ways, however, say that the latter route is the harder.

Many interesting incidents of the trip might be told, but this account is already long enough. Most of the party remained in camp a week longer visiting various points of interest. But about a dozen, including the writer, walked back to Fairfax on August 1st and reached Seattle Monday morning, August 2. It was an enjoyable outing, part of it quite strenuous, but pleasant to look back on and remember.

OLOF HANSON.

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